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MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
45 JUNE
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THE TOMB OF DRACULA™

LORD OF VAMPIRES!

COMICDOM'S NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

THIS IS IT! THE MOST REQUESTED STORY OF ALL!

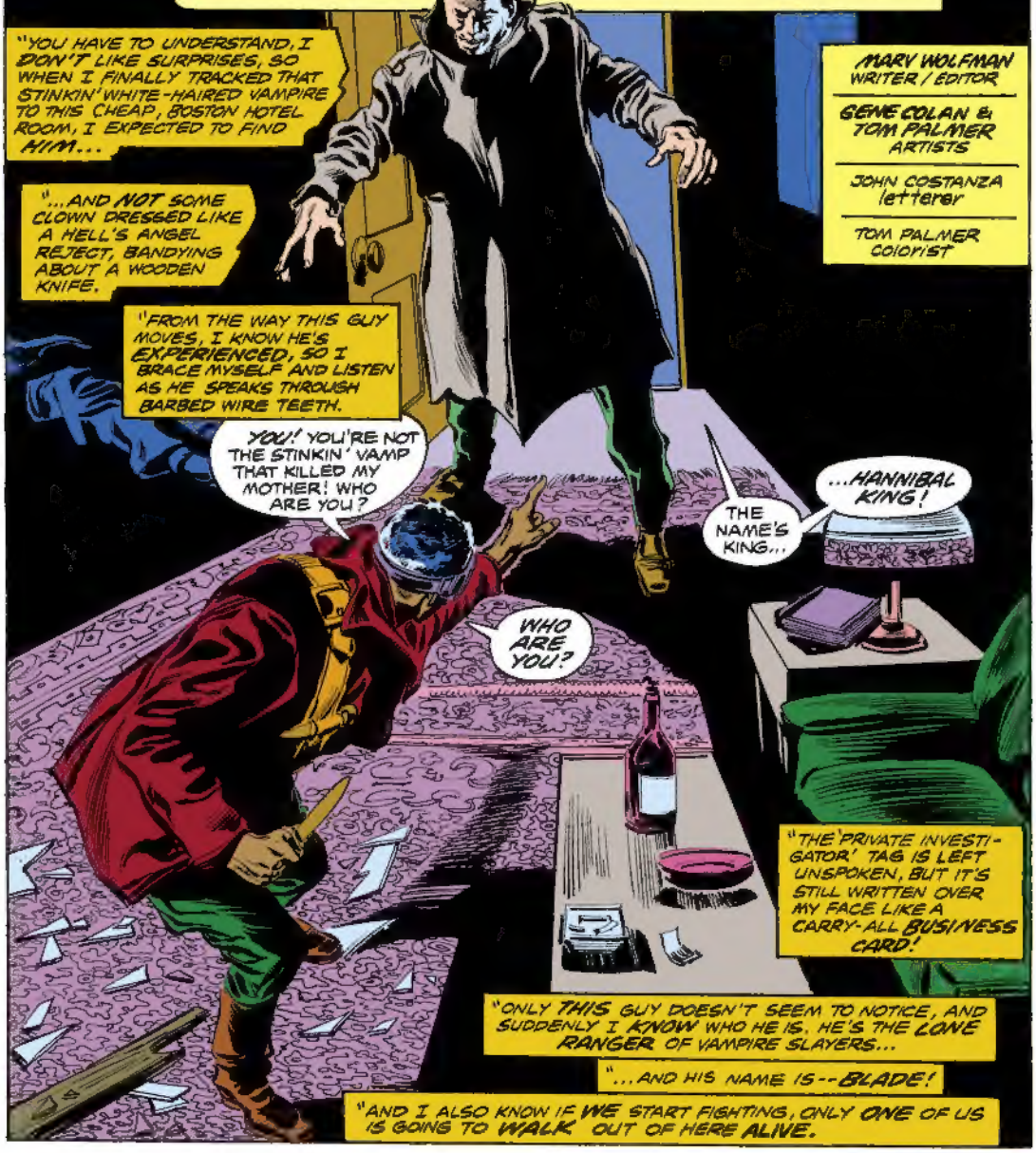
BLADE THE VAMPIRE SLAYER BATTLES HANNIBAL KING THE VAMPIRE-DETECTIVE!

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die.* Today, *Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing,* and *Blade,* the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

STAN LEE PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!

THE BEGINNING OF A BRAND-NEW EPIC:

CROSSFIRE!


"YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, I DON'T LIKE SURPRISES, SO WHEN I FINALLY TRACKED THAT STINKIN' WHITE-HAIRED VAMPIRE TO THIS CHEAP, BOSTON HOTEL ROOM, I EXPECTED TO FIND HIM...
"...AND NOT SOME CLOWN DRESSED LIKE A HELL'S ANGEL REJECT, BANDYING ABOUT A WOODEN KNIFE.
"FROM THE WAY THIS GUY MOVES, I KNOW HE'S EXPERIENCED, SO I BRACE MYSELF AND LISTEN AS HE SPEAKS THROUGH BARBED WIRE TEETH.
YOU! YOU'RE NOT THE STINKIN' VAMP THAT KILLED MY MOTHER! WHO ARE YOU?
THE NAME'S KING...
...HANNIBAL KING!
WHO ARE YOU?
"THE 'PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR' TAG IS LEFT UNSPOKEN, BUT IT'S STILL WRITTEN OVER MY FACE LIKE A CARRY-ALL BUSINESS CARD!
"ONLY THIS GUY DOESN'T SEEM TO NOTICE, AND SUDDENLY I KNOW WHO HE IS. HE'S THE LONE RANGER OF VAMPIRE SLAYERS...
"...AND HIS NAME IS--BLADE!
"AND I ALSO KNOW IF WE START FIGHTING, ONLY ONE OF US IS GOING TO WALK OUT OF HERE ALIVE.

MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER / EDITOR

GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
ARTISTS

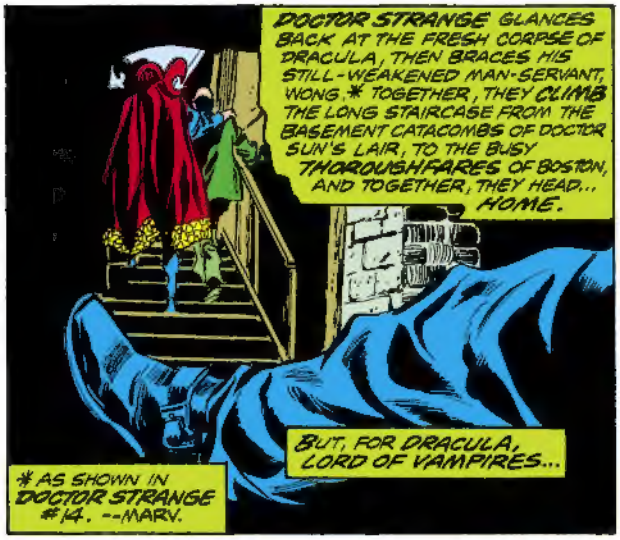
JOHN COSTANZA
letterer

TOM PALMER
COLORIST

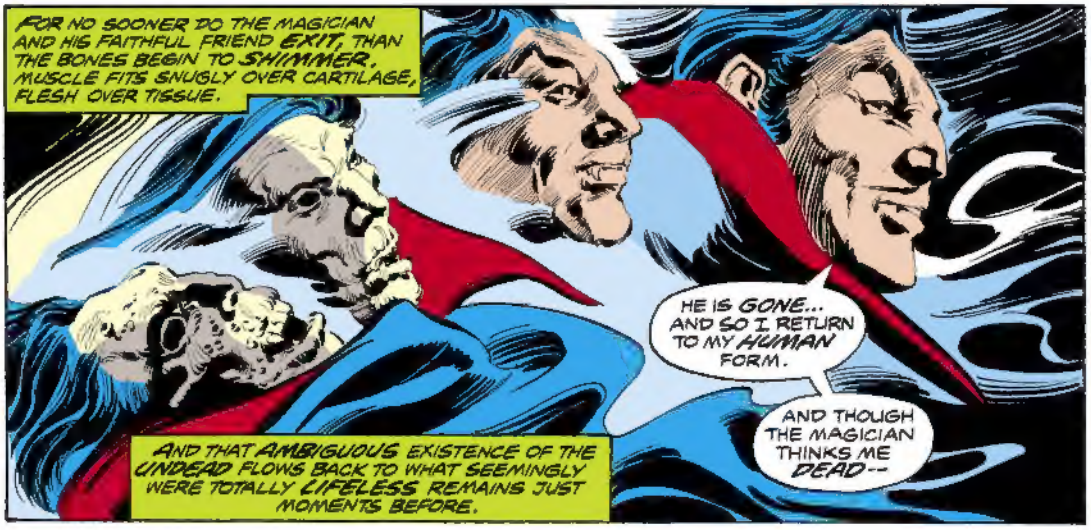
"SO I TRY TALKING CALM TO HIM, BUT HE'S ALREADY DECIDED WHAT HE'S GOING TO WEAR."
PUT DOWN THE KNIFE, BLADE. LET'S TALK THIS ONE OVER.
YOU KNOW WHO I AM, CREEP? THEN YOU KNOW I AIN'T GONNA PUT NOTHIN' DOWN.
YOU'RE A LOUSY VAMPIRE! I'VE GOT TO--
YOU'VE GOT TO DO NOTHING, BLADE.
WUMP
UNLESS YOU WANT A HEADACHE THAT'LL LAST THROUGH CHRISTMAS.
UNGGGHHH!
"HE FALLS LIKE AN ACROBAT, ROLLING AS HE DROPS--
"-- SO, EVEN AS HE TUMBLES, HE LETS LOOSE WITH HIS KNIFE...
"...WHICH I CATCH FOR HIM."
I SAID LET'S TALK, BLADE.
I THINK WE MAY BE AFTER THE SAME CREEP.
GOES BY THE NAME OF DEACON FROST!
DON'T KNOW NO DEACON FROST, SCUM, AN' I DON'T CARE WHO THE DUDE IS!
RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE MY BABY...
...AND ALL THE SWEET TALK IN THE WORLD WON'T STOP ME FROM SPLITTIN' YOU END-TO-END.
"NO USE REASONING WITH HIM--HE'S GOT A MAD ON LIKE A MISSOURI MULE. SO I WATCH HIS LEAP, GAUGE HIS TIMING, AND THEN--

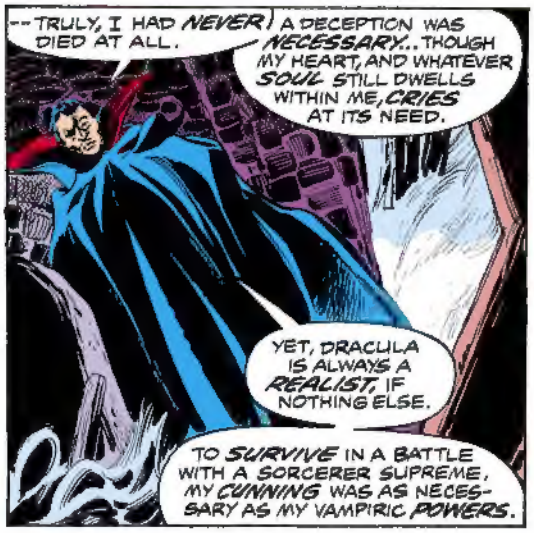
--I SLAM HIM--HARD!
THUD
NO!!!
"HE LANDS AND DOESN'T GET UP."
DO WE TALK NOW, BLADE--OR DO I RUN YOUR OWN KNIFE THROUGH YOU? DECIDE!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, SCUM.
I DOUBT THAT, MISTER, TALK?
GO AHEAD!
THE NAME'S KING, BLADE. I DROPPED THE SURNAME SCUM YEARS AGO.
NOW, WILL YOU LISTEN?
I SAID YOU CAN TALK, SCUM. NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT ME LISTENING.
JUST TO SHOW YOU MY INTENTIONS ARE RIGHT, HERE...
YOU TAKE CHANCES, SCUM!
YOU WILL, BECAUSE I HAVE THIS HUNCH WE'RE BOTH AFTER THE SAME VAMPIRE!
WHA--?!
THAT'S RIGHT. WHITE HAIR, SLICKED BACK-- AND EYES BLAZING LIKE AN INFERNO.
Y'SEE, BLADE--THAT'S THE CREEP THAT TURNED THIS PRIVATE INVESTI-GATOR INTO A VAMPIRE.
AND I MEAN TO PAY HIM BACK!
SO, IF WE COMBINE OUR KNOWLEDGE...
WAIT ONE BLOODY MINUTE, MISTER. I AIN'T TEAMIN' UP WITH NO STINKIN' VAMP AGAIN.
I ALMOST LOST MY LUNCH WHEN I DID THAT WITH BIG-DADDY FANGS, DRACULA!

AND I STILL DON'T BUY YOUR STORY. YOU THINK I'M SOME KINDA IDIOT?!
YOU VAMPS STICK TOGETHER LIKE THE LEECHES YOU ARE, SO THAT MEANS--
--THIS TALK A' YOURS IS OVER!
I'M NOT FINISHED, BLADE.
MY WRIST! YOU'RE CRUSHING IT!
YOU DON'T SAY?
OKAY! OKAY! TALK--
--DAMN YOU.
NOW THAT WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, LET ME TURN ON THE LIGHTS.
CLICK
THOUGHT YOU SCUM COULD SEE IN THE DARK.
WE CAN, BLADE. THE LIGHT'S FOR YOU.
'CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE WHILE I WAS TOSSING YOU AROUND, THERE'S A BODY MAKING LOVE TO THE RUG.
HE WAS LYING HERE WITH HIS BLOOD DRIED AROUND HIM. ONLY THERE'S NOT TOO MUCH BLOOD FLOATING IN HIM--SEE THOSE TWO FANG MARKS ON HIS NECK?
HE ISN'T THE ONE I'M LOOKIN' FOR, EITHER. BUT I SEE YOUR KIND GOT TO HIM, EH?
VAMPIRE, I'LL GO ALONG WITH. MY KIND-- FORGET. I'VE NEVER ATTACKED ANYONE--NOT MY STYLE, CHUM.
SURE, CREEP. BUT IF YOU EXPECT ME TO SWALLOW THAT GARBAGE DUMP, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMIN'.
TRUE NONETHELESS, BLADE. 'CAUSE WHEN I BECAME A STINKING VAMPIRE, I SWORE LIKE SOME GRADE-B MOVIE HERO THAT I'D NEVER CONSUMMATE THE CURSE. I'VE NEVER KILLED, BLADE. I STOLE BLOOD WHEN I HAD TO. I FOUND CORPSES AND DRAINED THEM DRY. BUT I'VE NEVER SPREAD MY CURSE TO ANYONE ELSE.
YOU WITH ME, BLADE?
"HE GRUMBLES."
FOR NOW, SCUM. FOR NOW.

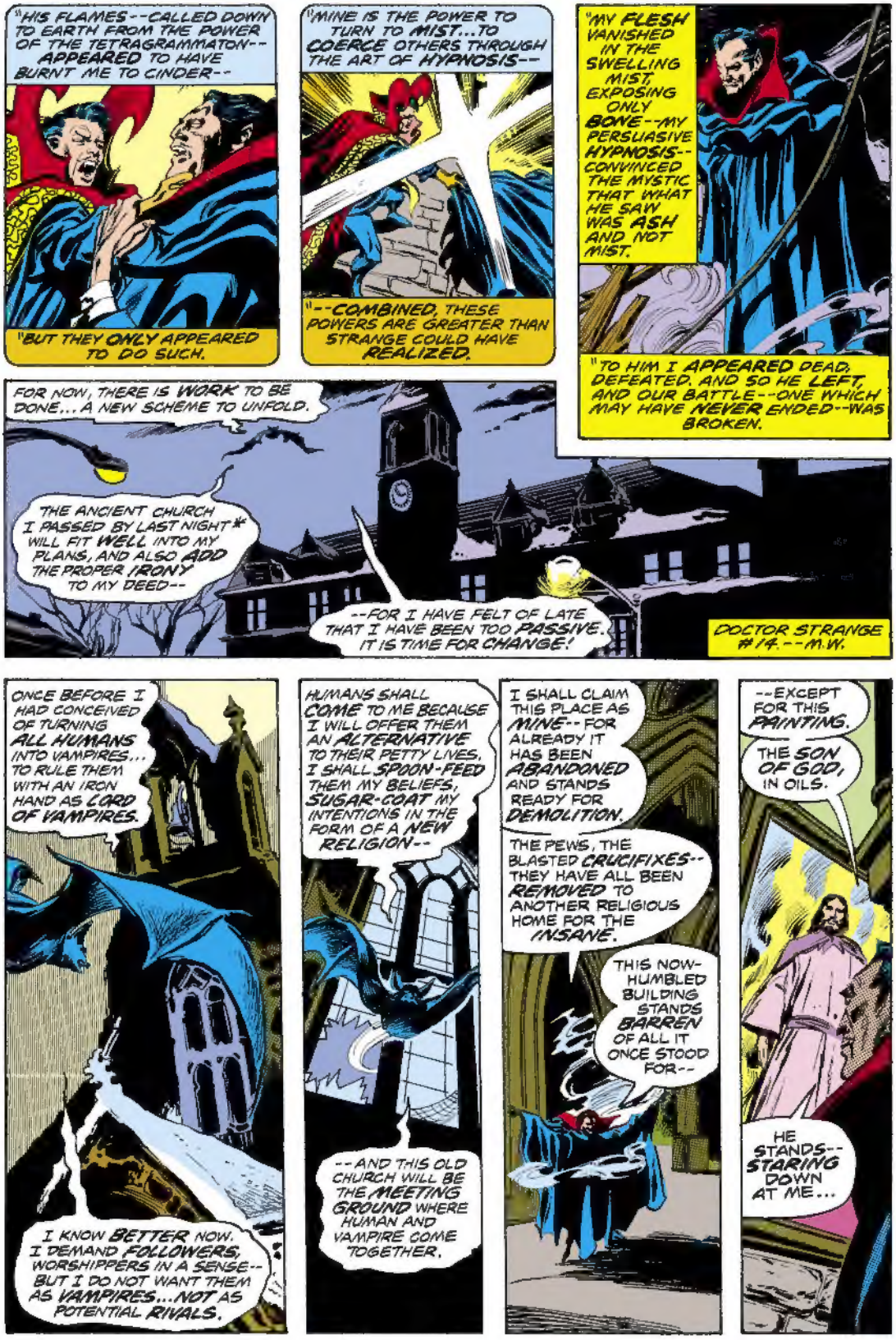

DOCTOR STRANGE GLANCES BACK AT THE FRESH CORPSE OF DRACULA, THEN BRACES HIS STILL-WEAKENED MAN-SERVANT, WONG.* TOGETHER, THEY CLIMB THE LONG STAIRCASE FROM THE BASEMENT CATACOMBS OF DOCTOR SUN'S LAIR, TO THE BUSY THOROUGHFARES OF BOSTON, AND TOGETHER, THEY HEAD... HOME.
BUT, FOR DRACULA, LORD OF VAMPIRES...
*AS SHOWN IN DOCTOR STRANGE #14. --MARV.

...HIS DECAYED FORM RESTS HEAVILY ON THE CONCRETE FLOORING; THERE IS NO LIFE IN HIS ANCIENT BONES...NO WAY FOR HIM TO CREATE FURTHER HELLS...
OR SO IT SEEMS.

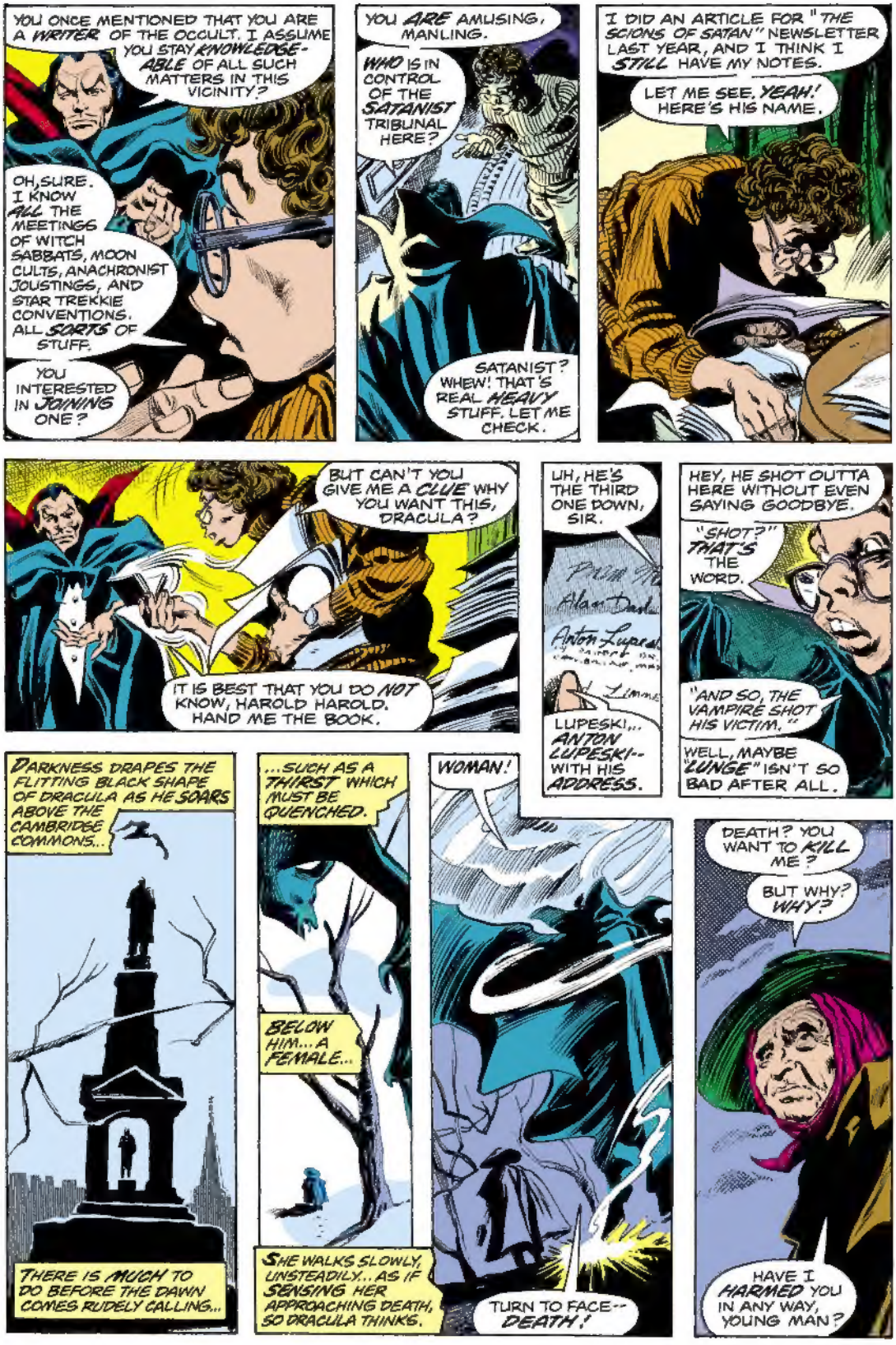

FOR NO SOONER DO THE MAGICIAN AND HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND EXIT, THAN THE BONES BEGIN TO SHIMMER. MUSCLE FITS SNUGLY OVER CARTILAGE, FLESH OVER TISSUE.
HE IS GONE... AND SO I RETURN TO MY HUMAN FORM.
AND THOUGH THE MAGICIAN THINKS ME DEAD--
AND THAT AMBIGUOUS EXISTENCE OF THE UNDEAD FLOWS BACK TO WHAT SEEMINGLY WERE TOTALLY LIFELESS REMAINS JUST MOMENTS BEFORE.

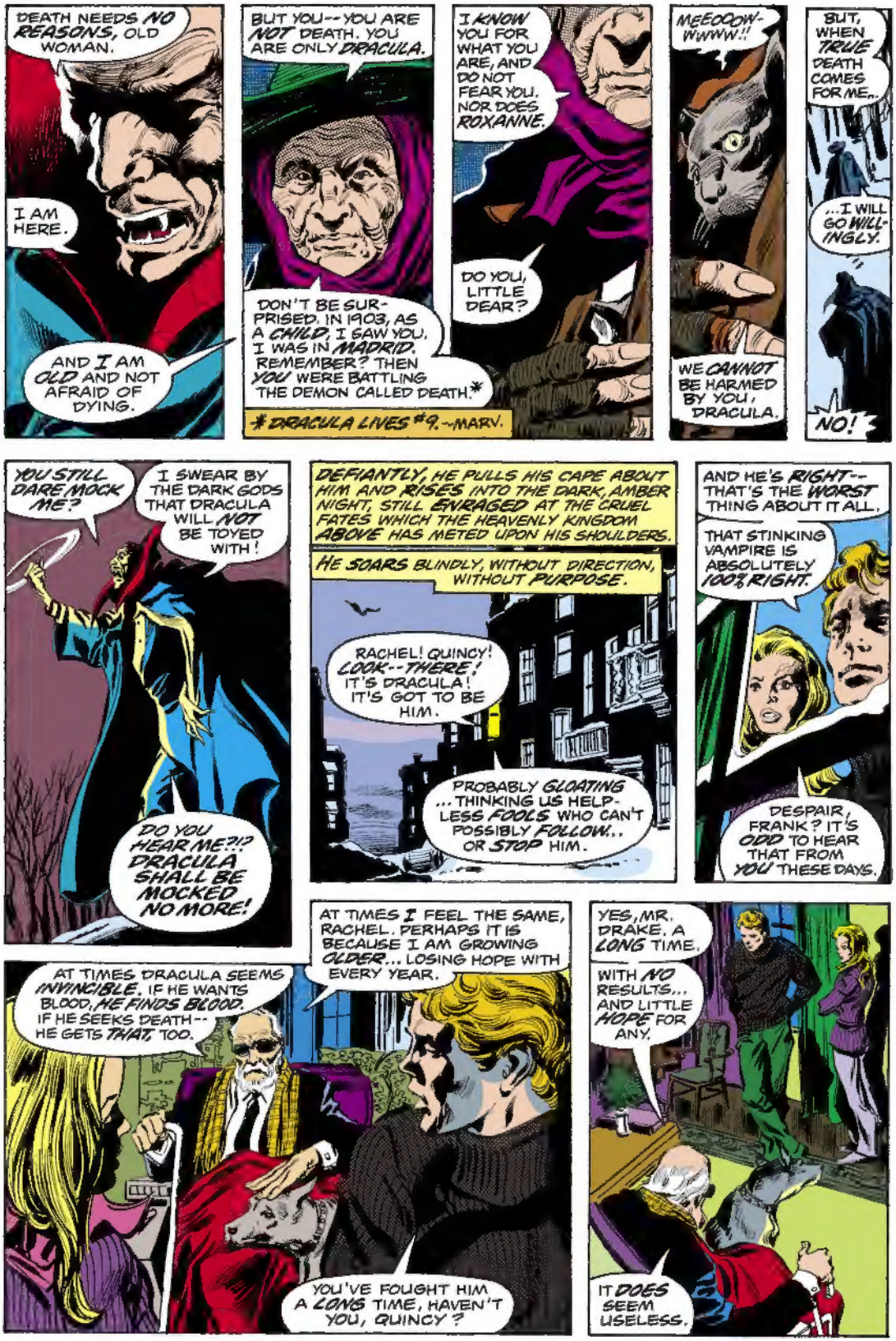

--TRULY, I HAD NEVER DIED AT ALL.
A DECEPTION WAS NECESSARY..THOUGH MY HEART, AND WHATEVER SOUL STILL DWELLS WITHIN ME, CRIES AT ITS NEED.
YET, DRACULA IS ALWAYS A REALIST, IF NOTHING ELSE.
TO SURVIVE IN A BATTLE WITH A SORCERER SUPREME, MY CUNNING WAS AS NECESSARY AS MY VAMPIRIC POWERS.

FOR, POWER MATCHED WITH POWER, STRANGE COULD HAVE OVERWHELMED ME.
BUT I AM NOT DRACULA FOR NAUGHT.

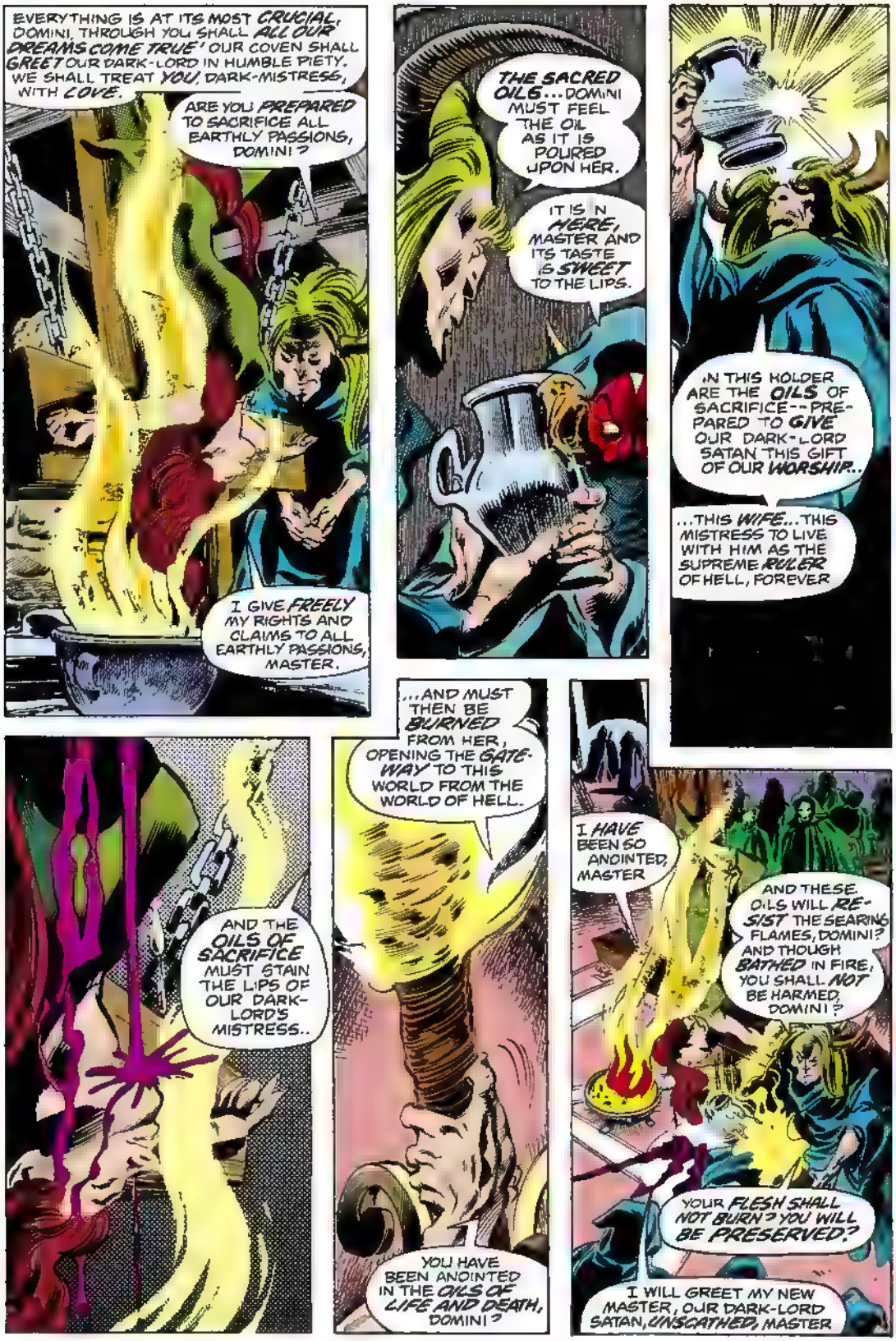

"HIS FLAMES--CALLED DOWN TO EARTH FROM THE POWER OF THE TETRAGRAMMATON--APPEARED TO HAVE BURNT ME TO CINDER--
"BUT THEY ONLY APPEARED TO DO SUCH.
"MINE IS THE POWER TO TURN TO MIST...TO COERCE OTHERS THROUGH THE ART OF HYPNOSIS--
"--COMBINED, THESE POWERS ARE GREATER THAN STRANGE COULD HAVE REALIZED.
"MY FLESH VANISHED IN THE SWELLING MIST, EXPOSING ONLY BONE--MY PERSUASIVE HYPNOSIS--CONVINCED THE MYSTIC THAT WHAT HE SAW WAS ASH AND NOT MIST.
"TO HIM I APPEARED DEAD, DEFEATED, AND SO HE LEFT, AND OUR BATTLE--ONE WHICH MAY HAVE NEVER ENDED--WAS BROKEN.
FOR NOW, THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE... A NEW SCHEME TO UNFOLD.
THE ANCIENT CHURCH I PASSED BY LAST NIGHT* WILL FIT WELL INTO MY PLANS, AND ALSO ADD THE PROPER IRONY TO MY DEED--
--FOR I HAVE FELT OF LATE THAT I HAVE BEEN TOO PASSIVE. IT IS TIME FOR CHANGE!
DOCTOR STRANGE #14.--M.W.
ONCE BEFORE I HAD CONCEIVED OF TURNING ALL HUMANS INTO VAMPIRES... TO RULE THEM WITH AN IRON HAND AS LORD OF VAMPIRES.
I KNOW BETTER NOW. I DEMAND FOLLOWERS, WORSHIPPERS IN A SENSE--BUT I DO NOT WANT THEM AS VAMPIRES...NOT AS POTENTIAL RIVALS.
HUMANS SHALL COME TO ME BECAUSE I WILL OFFER THEM AN ALTERNATIVE TO THEIR PETTY LIVES. I SHALL SPOON-FEED THEM MY BELIEFS, SUGAR-COAT MY INTENTIONS IN THE FORM OF A NEW RELIGION--
--AND THIS OLD CHURCH WILL BE THE MEETING GROUND WHERE HUMAN AND VAMPIRE COME TOGETHER.
I SHALL CLAIM THIS PLACE AS MINE--FOR ALREADY IT HAS BEEN ABANDONED AND STANDS READY FOR DEMOLITION.
THE PEWS, THE BLASTED CRUCIFIXES--THEY HAVE ALL BEEN REMOVED TO ANOTHER RELIGIOUS HOME FOR THE INSANE.
THIS NOW-HUMBLED BUILDING STANDS BARREN OF ALL IT ONCE STOOD FOR--
--EXCEPT FOR THIS PAINTING.
THE SON OF GOD, IN OILS.
HE STANDS--STARING DOWN AT ME...

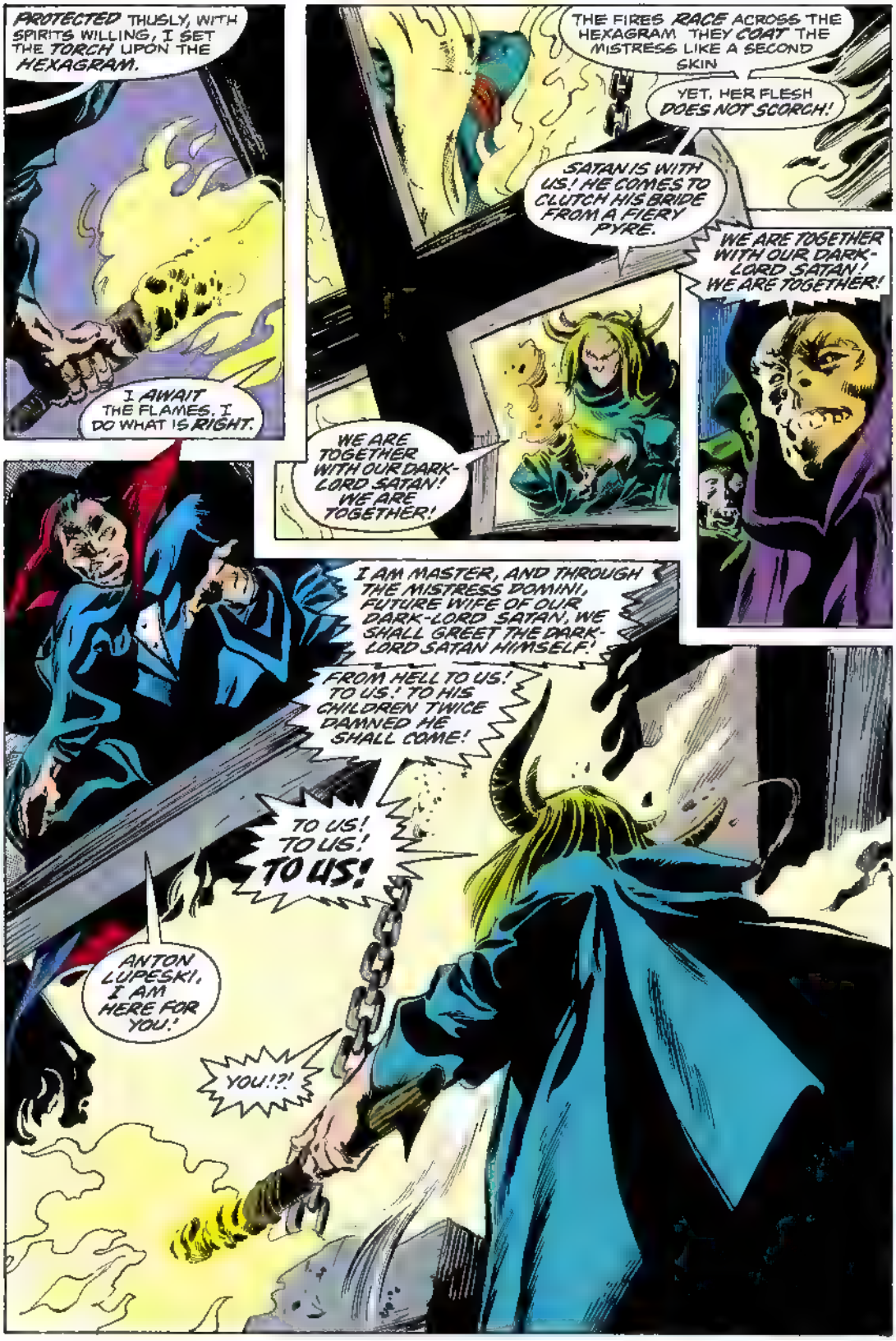
HIS EYES MOCK ME... HIS PRESENCE FILLS ME WITH PAIN.
I--I MUST REMOVE THE PAINTING--
--BEFORE I AM TOO WEAKENED TO...
I--I--NO...
I... CAN'T...
SOMETHING STOPS ME... I CAN'T--
HELL'S BLOOD! I CAN'T TOUCH THE CURSED CANVAS!
DAMNATION! THERE'S NO WAY TO DESTROY THE THING.
IF I WISH TO STAY WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THIS DECONSECRATED CHURCH, I MUST LIVE WITH THE PAINTING'S PRESENCE...
BAH! I'VE EXISTED 500 YEARS, AND EVEN TO THIS DAY, MY POWER STANDS HELPLESS BEFORE... HIS!
BUT THAT MUST NOT ALWAYS BE SO.
ELSEWHERE...
AND SO, THE VAMPIRE LUNGED FOR HIS VICTIM...
TIC-TAC TAC TAC TIC
"LUNGED?" NAH, VAMPIRES DON'T LUNGE, THEY--
THE WINDOW! OPEN IT!
UNNNN NHHHH MHHHH
OPEN IT NOW!
MAN-O-MAN, WHAT DID I DO THAT FOR? IT'S ALREADY COLDER'N A WITCH'S HEART IN HERE.
HUNH? YOU?!?
IT IS YOU, ISN'T IT?
YES HAROLD HAROLD, IT IS DRACULA.
YOU COME HERE FOR SOME BLOOD? I STILL HAVE A PINT IN THE FRIDGE.
NO, MANLING. DRACULA IS HERE FOR OTHER REASONS.


YOU ONCE MENTIONED THAT YOU ARE A WRITER OF THE OCCULT. I ASSUME YOU STAY KNOWLEDGE-ABLE OF ALL SUCH MATTERS IN THIS VICINITY?
OH, SURE. I KNOW ALL THE MEETINGS OF WITCH SABBATS, MOON CULTS, ANACHRONIST JOUSTINGS, AND STAR TREKKIE CONVENTIONS. ALL SORTS OF STUFF.
YOU INTERESTED IN JOINING ONE?
YOU ARE AMUSING, MANLING.
WHO IS IN CONTROL OF THE SATANIST TRIBUNAL HERE?
SATANIST? WHEW! THAT'S REAL HEAVY STUFF. LET ME CHECK.
I DID AN ARTICLE FOR "THE SCIONS OF SATAN" NEWSLETTER LAST YEAR, AND I THINK I STILL HAVE MY NOTES.
LET ME SEE. YEAH! HERE'S HIS NAME.
BUT CAN'T YOU GIVE ME A CLUE WHY YOU WANT THIS, DRACULA?
IT IS BEST THAT YOU DO NOT KNOW, HAROLD HAROLD. HAND ME THE BOOK.
UH, HE'S THE THIRD ONE DOWN, SIR.
Alan Dash
Anton Lupeski
LUPESKI... ANTON LUPESKI-- WITH HIS ADDRESS.
HEY, HE SHOT OUTTA HERE WITHOUT EVEN SAYING GOODBYE.
"SHOT?" THAT'S THE WORD.
"AND SO, THE VAMPIRE SHOT HIS VICTIM."
WELL, MAYBE "LUNGE" ISN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL.
DARKNESS DRAPES THE FLITTING BLACK SHAPE OF DRACULA AS HE SOARS ABOVE THE CAMBRIDGE COMMONS..
THERE IS MUCH TO DO BEFORE THE DAWN COMES RUDELY CALLING...
...SUCH AS A THIRST WHICH MUST BE QUENCHED.
BELOW HIM... A FEMALE...
SHE WALKS SLOWLY, UNSTEADILY... AS IF SENSING HER APPROACHING DEATH, SO DRACULA THINKS.
WOMAN!
TURN TO FACE-- DEATH!
DEATH? YOU WANT TO KILL ME?
BUT WHY? WHY?
HAVE I HARMED YOU IN ANY WAY, YOUNG MAN?


DEATH NEEDS NO REASONS, OLD WOMAN.
I AM HERE.
AND I AM OLD AND NOT AFRAID OF DYING.
BUT YOU--YOU ARE NOT DEATH. YOU ARE ONLY DRACULA.
DON'T BE SURPRISED. IN 1903, AS A CHILD, I SAW YOU. I WAS IN MADRID. REMEMBER? THEN YOU WERE BATTLING THE DEMON CALLED DEATH.*
* DRACULA LIVES #9. --MARV.
I KNOW YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE, AND DO NOT FEAR YOU. NOR DOES ROXANNE.
DO YOU, LITTLE DEAR?
MEEOOOW-WWWW!!
WE CANNOT BE HARMED BY YOU, DRACULA.
BUT, WHEN TRUE DEATH COMES FOR ME...
...I WILL GO WILLINGLY.
NO!
YOU STILL DARE MOCK ME?
I SWEAR BY THE DARK GODS THAT DRACULA WILL NOT BE TOYED WITH!
DO YOU HEAR ME?!? DRACULA SHALL BE MOCKED NO MORE!
DEFIANTLY, HE PULLS HIS CAPE ABOUT HIM AND RISES INTO THE DARK, AMBER NIGHT, STILL ENRAGED AT THE CRUEL FATES WHICH THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM ABOVE HAS METED UPON HIS SHOULDERS.
HE SOARS BLINDLY, WITHOUT DIRECTION, WITHOUT PURPOSE.
RACHEL! QUINCY! LOOK--THERE! IT'S DRACULA! IT'S GOT TO BE HIM.
PROBABLY GLOATING ... THINKING US HELPLESS FOOLS WHO CAN'T POSSIBLY FOLLOW... OR STOP HIM.
AND HE'S RIGHT--THAT'S THE WORST THING ABOUT IT ALL.
THAT STINKING VAMPIRE IS ABSOLUTELY 100% RIGHT.
DESPAIR, FRANK? IT'S ODD TO HEAR THAT FROM YOU THESE DAYS.
AT TIMES DRACULA SEEMS INVINCIBLE. IF HE WANTS BLOOD, HE FINDS BLOOD. IF HE SEEKS DEATH--HE GETS THAT, TOO.
AT TIMES I FEEL THE SAME, RACHEL. PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE I AM GROWING OLDER... LOSING HOPE WITH EVERY YEAR.
YOU'VE FOUGHT HIM A LONG TIME, HAVEN'T YOU, QUINCY?
YES, MR. DRAKE. A LONG TIME.
WITH NO RESULTS... AND LITTLE HOPE FOR ANY.
IT DOES SEEM USELESS.

USELESS, HELL! WE'LL GET HIM. I FEEL IT IN MY BONES.
WE'LL GET NOTHING IF WE DON'T EAT FIRST, FRANK. YOU DID PROMISE ME DINNER.
HUH? OH, YEAH, I DID. WILL YOU BE ALL RIGHT, QUINCY?
I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF YOU YOUNG PEOPLE-- GO, ENJOY YOURSELVES.
I REALLY ADMIRE QUINCY AFTER ALL THE FIGHTING HE'S DONE, HE HASN'T GIVEN UP. I CAN TELL.
FRANK, YOU DECIDED TO BECOME A HERO, BUT YOU'VE BECOME A BLIND FOOL INSTEAD
AND FRANKLY, I DON'T LIKE YOUR NEW ATTITUDE ONE BIT.
I MAY LIKE MY MAN STRONG--BUT NEVER STUPID.
LOOK, I MAY BE OVER-REACTING, BUT I FEEL MORE CONFIDENT ABOUT MYSELF THAN I EVER HAVE BEFORE.
I'M NO LONGER A PLAYBOY FLITTING ABOUT LIKE A BUTTERFLY, DOING NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE--SPROUTING DIMESTORE CLICHÉS FOR CONVERSATION
NOW I HAVE THE COURAGE TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF THIS WORTHLESS SHELL I'VE BEEN
FRANK, SAY NOTHING ELSE, PLEASE I KNOW WE CARE FOR EACH OTHER, BUT, I--
CARE? RACHEL, I MORE THAN JUST CARE FOR YOU--
--I LOVE YOU
STRONG ARMS TENDERLY PULL RACHEL TO FRANK, AND, FOR A MOMENT, THE TWO PEOPLE ARE ONE
BUT, DEEP INSIDE RACHEL'S MIND, SHE WONDERS; THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG HERE. SHE SHAKES THE CHILL FROM HER THOUGHTS, CLOSES HER TEAR-STAINED EYES, AND LETS HERSELF BE KISSED.
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS:
THE DARK HALL IS WARM, PERHAPS OVERLY SO, AS ROBED FIGURES LEER MADLY THROUGH DEFORMED DEATH-MASKS AT THE ALTAR BEFORE THEM. THE HARSH ODOR OF INCENSE BURNS FREELY, OIL CAULDRONS WAIT IN HUNGRY ANTICIPATION TO BE LIT BY THE TOUCH OF THE BURNING TORCHES.
DOMINI, IT IS TIME FOR ANSWERS. ARE YOU WILLING TO MEET OUR DARK-LORD SATAN? ARE YOU PREPARED FOR ALL THAT IS TO OCCUR? HAVE THE BLACK OILS BEEN ANOINTED? SPEAK, DOMINI, FUTURE MISTRESS OF HELL!
I AM WILLING, MASTER ALL THAT MUST BE DONE, HAS BEEN DONE I AM PREPARED FOR MY SACRIFICE I SHALL MEET MY FUTURE HUSBAND AND REVEL IN HIS GLORY.
WILL YOU RULE BESIDE HIM IN HELL, DOMINI?
I WILL RULE BESIDE HIM IN HELL, MASTER.


EVERYTHING IS AT ITS MOST CRUCIAL, DOMINI, THROUGH YOU SHALL ALL OUR DREAMS COME TRUE! OUR COVEN SHALL GREET OUR DARK-LORD IN HUMBLE PIETY. WE SHALL TREAT YOU, DARK-MISTRESS, WITH LOVE.
ARE YOU PREPARED TO SACRIFICE ALL EARTHLY PASSIONS, DOMINI?
I GIVE FREELY MY RIGHTS AND CLAIMS TO ALL EARTHLY PASSIONS, MASTER.
THE SACRED OILS... DOMINI MUST FEEL THE OIL AS IT IS POURED UPON HER.
IT IS N HERE, MASTER AND ITS TASTE IS SWEET TO THE LIPS.
IN THIS HOLDER ARE THE OILS OF SACRIFICE--PREPARED TO GIVE OUR DARK-LORD SATAN THIS GIFT OF OUR WORSHIP..
...THIS WIFE...THIS MISTRESS TO LIVE WITH HIM AS THE SUPREME RULER OF HELL, FOREVER
AND THE OILS OF SACRIFICE MUST STAIN THE LIPS OF OUR DARK-LORD'S MISTRESS..
...AND MUST THEN BE BURNED FROM HER, OPENING THE GATE-WAY TO THIS WORLD FROM THE WORLD OF HELL.
YOU HAVE BEEN ANOINTED IN THE OILS OF LIFE AND DEATH, DOMINI?
I HAVE BEEN SO ANOINTED, MASTER
AND THESE OILS WILL RESIST THE SEARING FLAMES, DOMINI? AND THOUGH BATHED IN FIRE, YOU SHALL NOT BE HARMED, DOMINI?
YOUR FLESH SHALL NOT BURN? YOU WILL BE PRESERVED?
I WILL GREET MY NEW MASTER, OUR DARK-LORD SATAN, UNSCATHED, MASTER


PROTECTED THUSLY, WITH SPIRITS WILLING, I SET THE TORCH UPON THE HEXAGRAM.
I AWAIT THE FLAMES. I DO WHAT IS RIGHT.
THE FIRES RACE ACROSS THE HEXAGRAM. THEY COAT THE MISTRESS LIKE A SECOND SKIN.
YET, HER FLESH DOES NOT SCORCH!
SATAN IS WITH US! HE COMES TO CLUTCH HIS BRIDE FROM A FIERY PYRE.
WE ARE TOGETHER WITH OUR DARK-LORD SATAN! WE ARE TOGETHER!
WE ARE TOGETHER WITH OUR DARK-LORD SATAN! WE ARE TOGETHER!
I AM MASTER, AND THROUGH THE MISTRESS DOMINI, FUTURE WIFE OF OUR DARK-LORD SATAN, WE SHALL GREET THE DARK-LORD SATAN HIMSELF!
FROM HELL TO US! TO US! TO HIS CHILDREN TWICE DAMNED HE SHALL COME!
TO US! TO US! TO US!
ANTON LUPESKI, I AM HERE FOR YOU!
YOU!?!

CEASE YOUR STUPID SPECTACLE, LUPESKI I COMMAND IT NOW!
THE REASON WHY I NEED YOU AND YOUR FOLLOWERS MUST NOT BE INTERRUPTED BY THIS SENSELESS CACKLING!
YOU MUST STAND READY TO LISTEN. . .TO OBEY!
YOU ARE HERE! YOU ARE ONE WITH US, DARK-LORD!
SATAN HAS COME, TRAVELLING ON THE MISTS OF TIME FROM HELL ITSELF!
I SAID SILENCE, DOLT. HEED MY WORDS, CREATE NONE OF YOUR OWN
AND RELEASE THIS WOMAN. I HAVE NEED OF HER BLOOD
SHE IS TO BE YOUR WIFE, DARK-LORD. TO RULE BESIDE YOU N HELL.
SHE IS FOR YOU, DARK-LORD FOR YOU
AND SHE IS NOT HARMED BY THE FLAMES.
WE WOULD NOT DARE HARM YOUR FUTURE WIFE,
EXAMINE HER YOURSELF, DARK-LORD, AS I ORDER--
--THE FIRES OF CONJURATION TO CEASE!
YOU SEE HER NOW, DARK-LORD? UNHARMED, READY FOR YOU.
WIFE? I HAVE NO NEED NOR DESIRE TO--EH?
YET, PERHAPS I SOMEHOW STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING GREATER THAN MY OWN SCHEME.
THOUGHTS RACE WILDLY AH, YES, THE IRONY--THE SHEER IRONY OF IT ALL.
YES! I SHALL TAKE HER AS MINE! HER NAME?
DOMINI!
A LOVELY NAME, LUPESKI WE SHALL TALK LATER OF HER, AND OF MY WISHES BUT FOR NOW, I AM PLEASED WITH THE WAY EVENTS HAVE TURNED.

DOMINI--IT MEANS BELONGING TO GOD. ANOTHER IRONIC TOUCH... ONE WHICH PROMISES MUCH IN THE MOST UNCERTAIN AND PUZZLING FUTURE.
I AM YOURS, DARK-LORD. TO DO WHATEVER YOU PLEASE.
I AM SURE YOU WILL, DOMINI.
GOD IN HEAVEN, STARE AT YOUR THORN NOW. OBSERVE MY DISCIPLES...MY WARRIORS--
--TOGETHER WE SHALL MARCH INTO HEAVEN'S KINGDOM... AND PLUCK YOU FROM YOUR CRUMBLING THRONE!
HA
HA
SO SWEARS DRACULA! SO SWEARS THE NEW DARK-LORD!
HAHA
HA
AND NOW, MY CHILDREN, I MUST GO-- AND MAKE PREPARATIONS.
AND THREE DAYS HENCE, MANKIND WILL WITNESS--
--THE MARRIAGE OF DRACULA!
OUR DARK-LORD HAS SPOKEN, AND NOW HE IS GONE.
AND TOGETHER, WE SHALL RISE WITH SATAN AS ONE-- AND THIS WORLD OF MAN SHALL BE OURS!
OURS!
THERE IS A FEVERED MADNESS RAGING NOW... WILD ABANDON MERGING WITH SATANIC LUSTS. AND ANTON LUPESKI, ALWAYS IN CONTROL, ALWAYS LEADING A MINDLESS FOLLOWING, BASKS IN THIS MOMENT OF GLORIOUS PERVERSITY. HE HAS SPOKEN WITH HIS MASTER--AND HE KNOWS... HE PRAYS... THAT SOON HE CAN BECOME THE MASTER... AND THE DARK-LORD--HIS SLAVE!
BENEATH HIS HORRENDOUS DEATH-MASK, ANTON LUPESKI SMILES. THIS CEREMONY HAS NOT BEEN FOR NAUGHT.

"HAPPY DAYS! THIRD NIGHT AND I'M GETTING ITCHY WAITING FOR CRUDO HERE TO AWAKEN. HAVEN'T MOVED FOR SO LONG MY PANTS'VE BEEN GLUED TO THIS CHAIR.
"BUT I WAIT, WATCHING OUR DEAD FRIEND, WHILE BLADE CATCHES A COUPLE OF ZZZZ'S.
"SO FAR NO LUCK, BUT THIS'S GOT TO BE THE NIGHT OUR FRIEND JOINS THE WORLD OF THE UNLIVING.
"SUDDENLY, HIS HAND STIRS. I TAKE IT IN AND GLANCE AT BLADE...
"BUT EVEN AS I DO, HE STARTS UP--ALERT. DON'T KNOW HOW HE KNEW OUR SILENT FRIEND HAD WOKEN UP; HE MUST HAVE A RADAR SET BUILT INTO THOSE GOGGLES."
WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME, KING? IT'S TIME.
JUST ABOUT TO.
"CRUD'S FIRST WORDS ARE--
I'VE--I'VE RETURNED ...FROM THE DEAD.
AS... AS A--
DEAD MAN, IF YOU DON'T LISTEN TO SOME WORDS OF ADVICE, CRUD.
WHAT?!?
YOU HEARD ME, CRUD. YOU DO WHAT I SAY--AND DON'T TRY TAKING IT ON THE LAM, 'CAUSE I CAN FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE.
UNDERSTAND, SWEETY?
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT DEACON FROST!
HEY, KING--YOU AIN'T DOIN' THIS UP RIGHT.
FIRST, YOU GOTTA GET THIS PIG'S ATTENTION--
THUD
--LIKE THIS!
NOW YOU ASK YOUR QUESTIONS.

ONLY YOU LET THE SCUM KNOW YOU MEAN BUSINESS.
SEE THIS KNIFE, MAN? IT'S MADE OUT OF TEAK. AN' THAT'S REAL HARD WOOD.
AND IF I STICK THIS UPSIDE YOUR SLIMY LITTLE HEART, THAT'D BE ALL SHE WROTE FOR YOU, BROTHER. DIG?
SO YOU TALK NICE AND SIMPLE --OR ELSE!
I--I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING. FROST DID THIS TO ME... 'CAUSE I WAS BACKIN' OUTTA OUR AGREEMENT.
"Y'SEE, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS UP TO UNTIL HE TOOK ME TO THE CEMETERY..."
LISTEN, FROST. I DIDN'T BUY INTO THIS KINDA THING. I THOUGHT YOU WAS UP TO SOMETHING ELSE.
BUT, DIGGING UP STIFFS--
YOU WILL DO WHAT I PAID YOU FOR, MAN.
OR, DO YOU WANT TO BACK OUT OF OUR DEAL?
PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT TO BE TRUSTED, YES?
NO! NO! YOU CAN TRUST ME, FROST. I SWEAR!
I HAD BETTER BE ABLE TO TRUST YOU, MAN, OR I SHALL RIP YOUR THROAT OUT FOR PLEASURE.
DIG THE GRAVE, MAN.
"HE FRIGHTENED ME, AND THAT STRANGE FOREIGN ACCENT OF HIS DIDN'T HELP THE MATTER NONE.
"SO I DUG THE GRAVE WHILE HE WATCHED, NEVER TAKIN' THOSE CURSED RED EYES OFF'A ME.
"I WAS SCARED SPITLESS THAT I HAD GOTTEN MYSELF INTA SOMETHING I WOULDN'T GET OUT OF.

"I REACHED THE COFFIN AND FROST STARED AT IT, NOT EVEN SMILIN'. THEN HE SAID--
CAREFUL WITH IT, MAN. THIS MUST NOT BE DAMAGED IN ANY WAY.
THE STIFF INSIDE DON'T CARE BY NOW. HE'S BEEN DEAD YEARS.
"I KNEW I SAID SOMETHIN' WRONG, 'CAUSE FROST DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN' FROM THEN ON. HE JUST POINTED FOR ME TO FOLLOW HIM WITH THE COFFIN INSIDE THE WAGON WE'D BROUGHT.
"YEAH, I KNEW I WAS IN TROUBLE. BUT NOT HOW MUCH.
"THAT I FOUND OUT LATER."
YOUR SERVICES ARE NO LONGER NEEDED, MAN. GO!
BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN PAID YET, FROST. YOU SAID YOU'D PAY ME WELL.
AND I AIN'T LEAVIN' HERE TILL YOU DO.
YOU WANT ME TO PAY YOU, MAN?
VERY WELL. I SHALL PAY YOU--
--BY TAKING YOUR LIFE!
KEEP TALKIN', SCUM. WHAT WAS INSIDE THAT COFFIN FROST GOT? AND, WHERE IS THAT MOTHER-KILLIN' GARBAGE NOW?
EASY, BLADE. HE'LL TALK.
YEAH, I SAW INSIDE THAT COFFIN. AND YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE WHAT I SAW.
IT WAS YOU, BLADE. HE HAD AN EXACT DOUBLE OF YOU INSIDE THERE.
AND HE SAID WITH IT, HE WOULD RULE THE WORLD!
WHAT?!?
NEXT THE MARRIAGE OF DRACULA! ALSO! THE MOST BIZARRE MONSTER EVER!